

NEMESIS OF BOCHE FLIERS, 20, BLUSHES AT 15 FOE 'SCALPS'

"It Was Nothing," Says Heroic French Aviator, Who Declares Air Will Decide War.

AN ATLANTIC PORT, March 9.—A boyish young Frenchman with the fresh, round cheeks of a schoolboy and much of a schoolboy's shyness, limped down the gangplank of a big French steamer which reached here to-day, leaning heavily on a cane and favoring his right foot.

Were it not for his sky-blue uniform and the row of ribbons of honor on his right breast, this young Frenchman would have passed for a prep school lad home for a vacation.

Instead, this lad of bare twenty years has fought in the air the whole length of the French front, has brought down fifteen machines with the Maitre Cross of the Kaiser on their chasses and three times has plunged to earth himself with death riding at his elbow. The favored right foot was shattered by a German aviator's explosive bullet last July 17.

FLYING BOY PREFERS NOT TO TALK OF CONQUESTS.

After the manner of his kind, the flying boy in the horizon blue tunic preferred not to talk at all of his exploits in the air, not appreciating that Americans know little enough of this mystery of the great war—the mystery of the boy suddenly grown a man in the thin blue 20,000 feet above earth.

"Oh, true, I have had some interesting experiences in the air," said Sous-Lieut. Soulier. "But they are the same as every man that flies experiences. It is give and take up there. Chance plays a large part in the life of the flyer."

"Yes, it is true that I have brought down fifteen Boches. But then three times the Boche sent me down to earth, and each time I thought would be my last moment in life. The last occasion I got an explosive bullet in my foot, and so, of course, was unable fully to control my machine."

Asked how he found the German as an antagonist, the boy smiled a minute before replying:

"Well, in most instances when I meet them they are dead—it is after they have been shot down. But I remember one whom I had the fortune to bring down who was a perfect gentleman. He seemed very grateful for the little things I did for him and gave me his photograph with his autograph on it."

INTENDS TO VISIT ALL FLYING CAMPS IN UNITED STATES.

The young flyer said that while he was recuperating from the wound in his foot he intended visiting all of the flying camps in America and acting as an instructor. Three of his machines are following him from France.

"This war will finally be won in the air," he declared.

Another aviator aboard was Sergt. Harold Wright of the Lafayette Escadrille, who is returning after fifteen months service in the air to spend his furlough with his family at No. 1135 56th Street, Brooklyn. His traveling companion was a French trench dog—Soupe by name—which is one of the four-footed corps of trained rescuers of the wounded maintained by the French Army.

P. Powers, Associated Press correspondent at Paris, said that the Americans at the front have no idea themselves how many of them there are in France. He quoted a staff officer to whom he had put the question as to the number of Pershing's men as saying: "Pershing knows and one or two of his staff know; beyond them nobody knows but the German General Staff."

The ship which brought these arrivals had a particularly stormy passage, which was made the more unbearable by the fact that the cargo shifted and the ship had a ten-degree list to port all the way across the ocean.

400 WOMEN ENLIST TO HELP WIN WAR BY MAKING SHELLS

Many Sisters and Sweethearts, Who Have Never Worked Before, Volunteer.

Sisters, cousins, wives and sweethearts, 400 strong, besieged the Mayor's Employment Committee of the Mayor's Committee of Women at No. 13 Lafayette Street to-day to hear Miss Helen Seath, a representative of the International Fuse and Arms Company of Bloomfield, N. J., explain the requirements of the woman munitions workers. They constitute the first contingent of the quota of 1,000 called here for this field of war endeavor.

The average age of the women who are seeking positions in the munitions plant is twenty-five years, although their ranks are thinly composed of women who have long since passed middle age. Many have never done manual labor before, but they have no thoughts of themselves in their willingness to work ten hours a day in order that all available men may be pressed into service along the fighting fronts.

The women were informed they will be expected to remain employed at least three months. This means that many of them will have to give up their homes in and around Greater New York—voluntary exile, as it were, from their relatives, friends and usual comforts—and take up their abode near Bloomfield, so as to be near the plant which is completing Government contracts at a rapid rate.

"Unless you are patriotic toward your country, you will find the work extremely arduous if you are not accustomed to the rigors of heavy factory life," said Miss Seath. "You have got to be fired with the ambition to help your country win the war; otherwise you will feel like dropping out before the end of your period of employment."

Very few of the women who have applied for such positions have been actuated by how much they might earn as munitions workers, according to Mrs. Olive Stott Gabriel, Chairman of the Women's Employment Committee. Nevertheless, the women are guaranteed \$2 a day at the start. Later on, according to their proficiency, they can make as much as \$5 to \$7 a day on piecework.

Mrs. Sadie Adams of Brooklyn applied for a place among the prospective munitions workers because she refuses to remain idle at home while her four sons are fighting in France. Alex, her eldest son, is a member of the British Royal Flying Corps, having enlisted shortly after England declared war on Germany.

John, her second son, is a Corporal with Gen. Pershing's forces; William recently enlisted, while George, who is only eighteen, expects to get into the National Army as soon as it can be arranged. Despite his youth, George has circled the globe no less than seven times and has been twice torpedoed since the war began.

"I think it is the duty of every woman who has kin at the front to do her share in hastening the dawn of peace," Mrs. Adams said.

Four little Brooklyn sisters made application because they didn't want to remain idle while their brothers and sweethearts had either just entered the army or had been sent to France. After listening to Miss Seath the women were granted personal interviews by Mrs. Gabriel. Living accommodations have been arranged by the Y. W. C. A. and as fast as the women were accepted they were assigned to quarters near the plant in Bloomfield, where they can live in comfort during their employment.

Associate of Mark Twain and Bret Harte Dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8.—News received to-day of the death at Sonoma, Cal., of Stephen Edward Gillis, aged forty, stirred in "old timers" memories of pioneer days when Gillis was an associate of Mark Twain and Bret Harte. Gillis was a printer and writer, playing his violin on newspapers here and in Nevada City, Cal., and Virginia City, Nev., while the gold excitement was at its height.

"Don't Be a 1918 Mrs. Job!"

"A Job's Wife Is Almost as Bad as a Job's Comforter."



Her Tendency Is to Blame Patient Husband for All the Family Misfortunes, and There Are Many of Her These Days, Says a New York Clergyman—Hubby Is Far From Cheered Up When He Loses Job and Wife of His Bosom Declares She "Always Expected It" and He'd "Better Throw Up His Hands and Quit."

Marguerite Mooers Marshall.

DON'T be a Mrs. Job. When your husband loses his job—no pun intended—catches a gripe and has his watch stolen in the subway, don't tell him that you always expected it and that he'd better throw up his hands and quit. These conversational overtures on your part will send him deeper into his gripe, if he is an average, rather easily discouraged citizen. On the contrary, if he happens to be a 1918 edition of Job, who wins through the worst of luck to peace and prosperity, he will know all the rest of his life that you were not a "stickler," a thick-and-thin believer in him and his fate.

This little Lenten lesson for wives was borne in upon me the other day when I heard that Mrs. Job isn't even allowed to walk on the stage in the intelligent and poetic dramatization of "The Book of Job," which Stuart Walker is showing New York at mid-Lenten matinees. It is explained that Mrs. Job would "destroy the scene." Even before the worst of Job's misfortunes, his three hypocritical "comforters," appear, his wife, weary and disgusted by his ill luck, exclaims with scornful impatience, "Dost thou still retain thine integrity? Curse God and die!" If she were given a walking part in the drama, I was told, her fussiness and intolerance of trouble would injure the audience's impression of Job's serene endurance and triumphant faith.

"Mrs. Job is a typical wife of to-day," declared Dr. William T. McEvelev, of the Manhattan Congregational Church, at Broadway and 70th Street. Dr. McEvelev has a keen interest in linking up religion and "to-day," to-morrow night he begins a novel series of talks on current events and their ethical interpretation. He agreed with me that there are many more Mrs. Jobs than Jobs in New York at present, although it ought to be the other way around.

"ONE thing which the book of Job knocks on the head," Dr. McEvelev continued, "and which is just as true now as when the book was written, is the fact that troubles are not merely the punishment of the wicked. They come to the good; they even come to people because of their goodness. Many a man is poor because he will not cheat to get rich. 'I think it is too bad Mrs. Job was left out of the dramatic presentation of the story, because the loss of her sympathy and confidence assuredly was a disaster for Job. In addition to his losses of property, health and children. Of course not every wife is a Mrs. Job, ready to brand her husband as a failure when misfortune overtakes him, but the type is an unmistakable one and too common."

"Mrs. Job is the woman who blames her husband for ill luck, who thinks that because an unreasonable employer discharges him he is mentally or morally at fault; who sneers, frowns, complains and gives an excellent imitation of a wet blanket. She never helps her man to conquer his luck, but her discouraging attitude simply drives him deeper into a hole."

"YET I have heard Job criticized for his patience and resignation," I observed. "I, myself, haven't much use for the man who takes it lying down."

"That wasn't Job," Dr. McEvelev assured me warily. "His mental attitude is splendidly summed up in that poem of Henry's—do you remember it?"

And then I quoted, as I love to do,



For the splendid ring of the words: "That's Job!" exclaimed Dr. McEvelev. "And it would be an excellent thing if the man of to-day had in him something of this stoic attitude toward life, this iron strain."

"It is even less common among women than among men. Not that women are altogether to blame. For centuries it was practically impossible for any woman to be the master of her fate. Some one else was the master of it. Naturally, the ability to possess herself, to hold herself erect under all the blows of fortune, had little chance to develop."

When misfortune comes to her husband a woman so often thinks of what her friends will say, of how they will pity her, more or less openly, for having married "a poor devil," for having "let her own self away." If there are children, her fiercely protective instinct is enflamed at the thought of how the misfortune may affect them."

"Yet this is the time when the husband imperatively needs her encouragement. As I have said, there are not many natural Jobs. The afflicted modern man may not, literally, 'Curse God and die,' but he is likely to get sour, to brood over a stroke of ill-luck and doubt his ability to surmount it."

"That's where his wife can help make him into a Job, and I don't know a more important task for her. It is her business, I think, to keep him fit, to cheer and sympathize with him, to emphasize his belief in himself and his own possibilities, no matter what clouds pass over his sky. Why shouldn't she collaborate with him, as the dramatists say, and help make his success?"

"Give me Job, the man who turns his own smoke," concluded Dr. McEvelev. "But a Job's wife is almost as bad as a Job's comforter."

HOBO AND IDLE RICH GO TO WORK OR JAIL IN NEW JERSEY NOW

Governor Makes Grim Reality of Law That Was Joke in Bill Stage.

New Jersey's famous "work or jail" law, applying equally to hoboes and the millionaires, went into effect to-day by proclamation of Gov. Edge at Trenton.

The law which, in the bill stage, furnished jokes to a thousand paragraphs in a thousand cities, is now a grim reality. And the Governor has announced that all the powers of the State will be invoked to enforce it literally and without favor.

In his proclamation the Governor uses the plainest language. "Society does it a phrase of his own, and he couples it with 'hobo leader'."

The penalty for idleness is \$100 fine or three months in jail or both. And the Governor puts a heavy emphasis on the "OR BOTH." This provision means that languid rich men cannot escape by the mere payment of a fine, which would amount to a \$100 permit to be idle.

Every able-bodied male between the ages of eighteen and fifty is affected. Those who claim they cannot find work will have jobs presented to them by the State—jobs which they may take or go to jail, as they prefer.

In his proclamation, the Governor says:

"In its wisdom the Legislature has ordained that following the issuance of this proclamation it shall be the duty of the Commissioner of Labor to prepare and publish such rules and regulations governing the assignment of persons to work as will insure equality of treatment and take into account age, physical condition and any other circumstances of the individual."

The selective service principle should prevail as in the making of our military forces. In this task we are gratified for the industrial army. There are kinds of work too severe in a physical sense for the "society class" who may, however, be competent to handle tasks which would be impossible for slacker of the hobo type. Sound judgment must be employed in our experiment to rid the human hive of its drones."

I call the attention of sheriffs, Mayors and heads of police departments in all municipalities to the necessity of maintaining sharp vigilance and a keen eye for these workless individuals whose lack of ambition and fondness for idleness constitute not merely a financial burden to every community, but also a genuine menace to the welfare of the nation's manhood under arms and their safety on the battle front."

Executives of municipalities of ten thousand population and over are urged to have their police departments compile a list of all habitual idlers in the community.

"Our farms and industries need more man-power than is available to meet extraordinary demands for production. By making Chapter 15 of the Laws of 1918 something more than a temporary enactment, we shall be helping to supply this demand and at the same time curbing vagrancy, idleness, mendacity, immorality and crime."

THREE Americans on Canadian Census List.

OTTAWA, Ont., March 8.—The following Americans are mentioned in to-day's Canadian census list:

Gusset, G. H. Anderson, Rochester, N. Y.; W. J. Dillon, Boston, Mass.; wounded, C. Clough, Harbor Beach, Mich.

ZURICH SPY CENTRE OF WORLD; NO ONE ABOVE SUSPICION

German Network of Espionage Radiates From Switzerland.

By William Philip Simms.

ZURICH, Switzerland, Feb. 14 (United Press).—This is the spy centre of the world—the hub from which radiates the German network of espionage. Nothing the Swiss may do can prevent it remaining so.

When I was in Stockholm, eighteen months ago, that place was buzzing with international intrigue. There was a spy behind every column in every hotel; the first fiddler in the Tangle orchestra, probably was in the pay of the Germans. There one saw strange sights. I myself, in the smoking room of the Grand Hotel accidentally ran into a Russian who a few days before had been pointed out to me as one of the big guns of Petrograd, in full confab with a man in civilian clothes, whom I recognized as a military attaché of the German Embassy in Sweden.

The spy capital of the world has changed since then. This is it. No neutral country anywhere has more consistently tried to keep down spying inside her territory than has Switzerland. She has one of the strongest counter-espionage organizations of any country in Europe. Tirelessly, she labors night and day to prevent or punish spying. But, of course, it is a hopeless job. A spy is no good if he looks like a spy. Only the little fellows get caught. The Swiss courts are full of these, also the Swiss prisons and detention camps.

But there are some very clever spies. An American official told me he saw a German naval officer in Paris recently and immediately reported his presence to the French authorities. The American had known the man in Germany and thus could be no mistake. He was able to give the secret service such a detailed subscription that they recognized who the spy was. The call was sent out all over France. Yet the spy got away.

Shortly afterward, in Zurich, the American met the officer-spies in the Bahnhofstrasse. The German spy laughed.

"Thought you had me in Paris, didn't you?" he said, not at all in humor.

"Pretty slick!" the American complimented.

The German chuckled. "I had dinner at Ciro's, three tables from you, that very night. And you were talking about me. There was So-and-So, his wife, and our old friend, Col. Whatabian, with you."

All of which was true. "Yet you got away, eh?"

"Sure. And I'm going back to Paris next week. You might tip them off. It'll furnish them something to do, and won't do me any harm. So long."

The German spy, however, is no better than the secret agents of France, England or America, as the work of the United States Secret Service to go no further—simply proves. Perhaps he is not so good, even. But he is legion, and what he lacks in quality he makes up in quantity.

Life in Switzerland, since the war, is certainly strange. In the finest hotel in Bern, in living the wife of an American diplomat. In the same hotel, lives the wife of a German baron, he being one of the military attachés of the German Embassy. The two women were classmates in an American college—the very best of friends.

Now these two American girls pass each other in the halls of the hotel without even nodding. It seems silly. Yet, were they to speak, tongues would begin to wag at once. To meet at the home of a mutual friend would be more disastrous still. They must be as strangers.

It is all part of the surcharged and tensioned atmosphere here. That spies are everywhere, that espions and counter-espions, traitors and dealers in treason are on all sides there can be no slightest doubt. No one is above suspicion.

N. Y. WOMAN, SINGLE HANDED, SINKS A GERMAN SUBMARINE

Right in Union Square, Too, She Rolls Up Doom of One of Kaiser's U Boats.

"Madame, you have sunk a German submarine. The Navy owes you its thanks."

It was a naval officer who thus addressed Mrs. Catherine Kenyon, wife of Chief John Kenyon of the Fire Department. She never fired a pop-gun at a German submarine, and maybe she never saw one outside of Central Park, but she sank one yesterday morning just the same, in the opinion of the naval officer. She sank it in Union Square.

There was a recruiting meeting in the Square when Mrs. Kenyon arrived. For three-quarters of an hour an earnest officer exhorted the crowd. In all that time he got only four recruits.

"I don't seem to be getting along very well," the speaker complained. "Won't somebody help me—some woman?"

"I will," said Mrs. Kenyon. She moved among the crowd and buttonholed young men. In ten minutes she had fifty of them in the house.

And that is supposed to be what the naval officer meant when he said Mrs. Kenyon had sunk a German submarine. If fifty recruits can do it, and the extra three have been provided by Mrs. Kenyon, too, in a much more direct way. They are her sons.

John Gerald Kenyon is an Ensign on the battleship New York. Edwin Kenyon enlisted in the navy last week and Walter Kenyon is closing up his business so that he may enlist next week.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE DISPUTE UP TO HYLAN

Mayor Asked to Rule on Question of Right to Hold Annual March Here.

Mayor Hylan has been called upon to decide the annual dispute over the right to hold the St. Patrick's Day parade. Some weeks ago Rudolph J. Kennedy obtained a police permit to hold a parade. To-day Joseph McLaughlin, national president of the A. O. U. M., accompanied by county officers of that organization, called upon the Mayor and told him that Kennedy was not the authorized A. O. U. M. representative. It was suggested by the Mayor that Kennedy's right to retain the parade permit be tested in the courts. Later he announced he would consider the matter himself and render a decision in the dispute by next Tuesday.

Rudolph J. Kennedy, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements for the parade, said that the parade which takes place next Saturday, to-day announced the time of march.

All organizations will form east and west of Fifth Avenue from 44th to 45th Street.

The column will move northward at 2 P. M., headed by Charles F. Connolly, Grand Marshal; Charles R. Sheeran, First Aide; John J. Regan, Second Aide; Major J. C. O'Reilly, Aide de Camp; Mayor Joseph L. Hylan, Special Chief Aide; Capt. H. Lyons, Chief of Staff; Rudolph J. Kennedy, James J. Davis Jr., Secretary; Committee of Arrangements, Andrew Garzan, Treasurer; Committee of Arrangements, M. J. O'Connor, Chairman of Reception Committee; James Hebron, Assistant Chairman Reception Committee.

The parade will be along Fifth Avenue to 129th Street, west and around Mount Morris Park to 125th Street, east to Third Avenue. In front of St. Patrick's Cathedral the parade will be reviewed by Cardinal Farley, Bishop Hayes, Mayor Hylan and the clergy and officials of the city of New York.

An American college—the very best of friends.

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CITY BEGINS SALE OF EGGS.

Commissioner of Markets Jonathan C. Day placed on sale at Jefferson Market to-day 600 cases of fresh eggs, which represented the first consignment of a large shipment bought by him under the city buying plan. He paid 40¢ cents for the eggs. They will be sold to the consumers at 43¢ cents or 43¢.

Receipts of eggs in the wholesale markets in the last twenty-four hours have been unusually heavy—18,517 cases in all. The market opened strong to-day at from 38½ cents to 39½ cents, which is considerably less than the price paid for the eggs placed on sale to-day.

"The city is not obligated for a single egg that will be sold at a loss," said Dr. Day, when this fact was called to his attention.

James McCreery & Co.

5th Avenue

34th Street

"RUG WEEK"

Commencing Monday, March 11th

Special preparations have been made for an Extraordinary Sale of

DOMESTIC RUGS

Particularly fortunate purchases enable us to offer finest quality Rugs

at ¼ less than regular prices

Details of this sale will appear in Sunday's World, Herald, Times.

WORLD MAGAZINE TO-MORROW

The Most Startling Spiritualistic Story of a Decade

DON'T MISS READING

"The Strange Experience of Eunice Winkler."

Can a Ghost Write Letters?

If So, Can a Ghost Manage to Mail Them Back Over the Border Into Flesh-and-Blood Land?

This young Brooklyn High School girl tells a story of extraordinary spirit manifestations which involve, she claims, weird documents and drawings penned by Mark Twain's spirit and mysteriously delivered into her possession.